THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Tuesday, November 24, 1914.

And now Little Lord Fauntleroy has grown up and gotten married. Gracious, how time flies!

Frank James, the one time Missouri bandit, is in imminent peril, judging by the dispatches, of dying with his boots off.

The Moslem uprising, while it may not directly menace the security of the allies, promises to make it exceedingly uncomfortable for some of their subjects.

The aristocracy of the poultry yard is on parade this week at the Davenport Coliseum and opportunity is offered to pay tribute to the living bird as well as to the dead.

What has become of the Spugs, the society organized by the daughter of the president last year and one with a most sensible purpose in view? They should not be permitted to become obsolete.

The Kansas wheat crop this year is worth $151,583,082. Heretofore the impression has prevailed that that sum would buy the entire state, with the possible exception of William Allen White.

The war has entered upon a new stage in which each of the leading nations involved is trying to make it appear that its capital is the gayest. It has gotten around to the question of who is worrying the most.

Football claimed the lives of only 13 young men this fall. The number, though not the smallest reported in the last decade, does not look as large, now that we have become accustomed to reading the war casualty lists.

If the armies opposed to each other in the trenches in western France had been armed with the 90,000 bad eggs destroyed by government agents in Chicago the other day the use of hand grenades might have been temporarily dispensed with.

Withdrawal of the American troops from Vera Cruz clears the decks for action by the disaffected factions of that unhappy country. The United States now has little left in Mexico to suffer damage and it is a good time to let them fight it out to the bitter end.

Pleas of temporary insanity or the unwritten law will hardly cut much figure at the trial of the Russians accused of hatching a revolutionary plot in opposition to the war. The government probably will hesitate even to take chances on commitment to Siberia.

An increasing number of the soldiers now fighting in Europe are walking on American leather. A great many Americans, however, will have to continue to get along on paper which, when properly made up and polished, looks exactly as good as cowhide—till after it gets wet.

Tests of John Hays Hammond's radio boat which can be steered by wireless indicates the way is now open for the waging of wars without peril to the lives of citizens of the contending nations. Perhaps it will be possible to arrange for future wars to be fought out in land or sea territory set apart for the purpose by international agreement while the world looks on. It may even be possible to make the gate receipts pay at least part of the cost.

It will be a relief to learn from official sources that there is no foundation for the report that the "epizootic" infection has been circulated among live stock in the United States to stop sale of meat to warring nations of Europe. If the epidemic had broken out before the election doubtless the republicans would have been charging responsibility to the administration on the ground that the disease had been fostered to draw attention from the tariff.

CHANCE FOR THE IMPOSTER.

Reports are now beginning to come in to the department of agriculture from several of the states quarantined for the foot and mouth disease that persons who have no connection whatsoever with the department are attempting to pass themselves off as federal inspectors. There are several possible motives that might account for the existence of these imposters. In the outbreak of 1908 there were instances of men who obtained money from credulous victims who believed that in this way they would escape the inconvenience of quarantine and disinfection. This is, of course, a very simple form of extortion. Another motive may be the sale of some quack remedy for the disease.

Stock owners can protect themselves very easily against this fraud, for there is no specific remedy for the foot and mouth disease. Since the germ has never been isolated, it has never been possible as yet to find any serum that would act either as a cure or preventive, and the public may be quite certain that any one who says that he is an employe of the department of agriculture, and at the same time attempts to sell, or even recommend anything of the sort, is simply an imposter. For this reason, stock owners are warned by the department not to allow strangers to visit their stock or attempt any demonstrations of so-called cures by injections or otherwise.

CLOTHING FOR POOR CHILDREN.

Steward Frank B. Wylie of the Rock Island county farm has fathered a movement in which The Argus will be glad to join, together with the other daily newspapers of the county. It is for the collection of a fund for the clothing of poor children during the coming winter. If the clothing is provided before Christmas so much the better. Mr. Wylie himself heads the subscription list with $50. The money which is expended in Rock Island will be handled through the Associated Charities.

Mr. Wylie, as a matter of course, is brought into contact with a great many of the poor people from all parts of the county and their wants this winter have impressed him most forcibly. He knows first hand of many cases of destitution among grownups and he feels that in such times of stress the suffering of the unfortunate children who are not in any manner responsible for their condition is particularly to be regretted. So he has asked the three daily newspapers of the county to lay the matter before the public and arrange to receive such funds as the people care to give and turn them over to those who are appointed to disburse them and see that the clothing purchased gets into the hands of those who most need it.

The Argus is glad to cooperate in this work and although it has but recently completed its campaign for the Christmas ship and is now raising its annual Santa Claus and Good Fellows' fund to buy Christmas presents for poor children it welcomes the chance to aid Mr. Wylie's undertaking. It will receive funds and keep them separate for the purchase of clothing.

It is not Mr. Wylie's idea that this is to be made an occasion for the distribution of second hand and wornout apparel which the owners have no further use for. It is the intention to buy only new apparel, as warm and serviceable as can be procured. Even small contributions for this fund will be thankfully received.

BARGAIN IN COTTON.

There is one port in this country in which exports have doubled, as compared with figures turned in a year ago. This is San Francisco. In October of last year exports from that port were just a shade in excess of $5,000,000; in October of this year they were close to $11,000,000.

And still there is not much war on the western side, in the Pacific. When you get on the eastern coast of Asia you find that few people realize there is much doing in the war line. Japanese are in the fight and a fringe of China has furnished battleground; but perhaps not more than one out of a hundred in those two countries are actively participating.

But Japanese and Chinese are busy at something else, and this accounts for increased exports from San Francisco, says the Decatur Review. Japanese especially are quick to see an opportunity, and it seems that some of this trait has got over into China. And so we read manufacturers in those two countries are mighty active buyers of American raw cotton. Dispatches tell us they are buying this staple as never before, and the quantity they are willing to take is limited only by transportation facilities. If those fellows could get ships perhaps they would buy all surplus cotton now in this country, that is if they could get it at present bargain prices.

Exports of cotton are what make the San Francisco market show big. Japan and China are getting cotton at about eight cents a pound, and at this price they want all that can possibly be got to them. They are smart enough to realize this is a real bargain, that it is getting something at less money than it will sell a few months hence.

Isn't it a fact that in this matter cotton manufacturers of Japan and China are showing a better quality of foresight and enterprise than are those in this country?

THE AUTO VAMPIRE.

Auto vampire — motorist who kills or injures victim and then speeds away.

This is the term for which newspapers of the country have been looking to apply to the species of animal referred to in the definition. It has been originated by the Chicago Herald and should be generally adopted. A vampire is supposed to be active at night and this is the period during which this stripe of autoist does his deadly work—and then runs away. He would operate in daylight if there were any chance for him to get away.

There is an alleged "auto vampire" under bond in this city now, so the community may be said to have a specimen in captivity.

Mexican Indians derived from their ancestors, the Aztecs, the method of making the poison of Talavatchi. It is a subtle drug, the constituents of which are not known. The peculiar effect of the poison is to destroy the mind, while only slightly affecting the body.

REGION OF THE DARDANELLES

The National Geographic society gives out the following description of the Dardanelles and Austrian Galicia, which are figuring prominently in the war in Europe:

Keen political interest has centered around the Dardanelles since the time when Persian strength was tested upon the soldiers of free Greece. Xerxes came this way with his vast army for the invasion of Europe, and crossed the Dardanelles, then known as the Hellespont, over a pontoon bridge constructed near Abydos, on the Asiatic side, and touching Grecian shores near Sestos, where the waterway is about 6,500 feet wide. It was on this occasion that the capricious currents of the strait called forth the most historic spanking ever given. They carried away the pontoons, whereupon Xerxes ordered the Hellespont to be soundly flogged.

When the eastern invasion had spent itself after Marathon and Salamis, the Dardanelles became a point of departure for the hardy conqueror who turned the tables. Alexander, in 334 B. C., 146 years after Xerxes, crossed in the path of the Persian, and began his successful subjugation of the outworn east. The tide shifted once more; and throughout the long struggle of Byzantium against the east, the Dardanelles were ever and again frontier waters. At last, in 1356 the Turks forced themselves over the much-contested territory, spread over its European banks, and settled down to stay.

No longer a frontier of easter-western struggle, the Dardanelles, nevertheless, preserved their political importance, an importance derived, first from Turkish control of Mediterranean-Black sea commerce, and, later, from the complex diplomatic game in which the great powers of Europe sought to balance themselves one against the other, and each to make that balance contribute to its own advantage. Mighty Russia's only ports upon warm waters were in her Black sea territory. Conventions of the powers, however, have held her shut up fast within the inland sea. For a century these conventions have stood between Russia and her ambitions to have an outlet on the Mediterranean.

By a five-power treaty in 1841, it was arranged that no ship of war of any nation other than the Ottoman should pass the Dardanelles without express permission of the forts. The closing of the strait was reaffirmed at London in 1871 and at Berlin in 1878. Even merchant vessels must have have passes, which they are required to show to the authorities at the narrows. Boats may pass through only during the daytime, yet they are required to pay a small lighthouse fee.

The strait is a narrow, irregular channel, connecting the Aegean sea with the sea of Marmora. It cuts Europe from Asia on a course from southwest to northeast. It is only about 45 miles long, while it varies in width from one to five miles. Its average depth is 180 feet. Upon the European side the shores are steep and barren, and their inhospitable line of battery-crowned rocks makes the Dardanelles a place for unusually strong defense. The shores on the Asiatic side are long-sloped and very fertile; for the most part being clothed with beautiful forests.

The Dardanelles guard the approach to Constantinople from the Mediterranean, as the Bosphorus guards the approach from the Black sea. They were first fortified by two castles, one on either shore, in the path of Xerxes and Alexander, built by Mohammed II in 1462. These have been often remodeled. During the last century, with Turkish power on the wane, and the Turk himself, apparently acquiescent, the remodeling and extending of the old fortifications was brought about by French, English and German prodding, as temporary interests pointed toward the Golden Horn.

Most of old Poland which survives, in race and in political consciousness, in typical culture and in folk-character, survives in the Austrian crownland of Galicia. Under the more sternly repressive rule of Russian and German overlordship, the Poles in Russia and Germany have been driven little by little from their strong hold of national feeling. They are becoming half-hearted Russians and Germans, for Russia and Germany have done all in their power to assimulate the well nigh unassimulable Pole. In Galicia, however, with a constitution of their own, under a perplexed and lenient central government, a consciousness of old Poland remains, and has grown in intensity in recent times.

Hemmed in by Russia on the north and east by the suspicious border patrol, naturally cut off from Hungary on the south and southwest by the Carpathians, barely touching its sovereign Austria, on the west, the Galician Pole has been left to himself, to the single-handed solution of his own difficulties, political, economic and administrative. With little to prod him into violent industrial exertion, he has continued the past into the present, with its quaint customs, its devotion to agriculture, and its poverty-stricken idealism.

The Turning.

Like that non-existent ailment, the "seven years' itch," most illnesses are properly supposed to fall into convenient periods according to some mysterious law. Thus, fractures are supposed to "knit" or begin knitting on the ninth day, I believe. Mothers fix on the ninth or tenth day as the proper time to arise from childbed. Typhoid fever is due to "turn" somewhere in the neighborhood of the twenty-first day. And the protective effect of vaccination is generally said to last precisely seven years.

All of these fancies savor of astrology or black magic. Disease doesn't follow any fixed rule of behavior. Pneumonia reaches the "crisis"—that point at which the high fever drops to normal in the course of 12 hours, more or less—in seven days as often as in 10 days. Each case is a law unto itself in the matter.

Fractures are "knitting" or uniting from the instant of the accident to the very end of disability. The process is no more active one day than another. Mothers are ready and able to leave their bed in 10 days no more commonly than in eight days or 16 days. And vaccination proteetion, so far as anybody knows, may be lost in a few months or it may continue for a lifetime in a given case.

But the "turning" of typhoid is less easily disposed of, because our revered medical fathers, we fear, encouraged the fancy, so anxious were they to reassure worried relatives of the languishing patient.

If the Patient Wins, the Fever Turns.

We doubt whether any physician ever attends a case of typhoid fever in private practice without being called upon sooner or later by some one to answer this question:

"Doctor, how soon do you think the fever will turn? This is the seventeenth day—it turns on the twenty-first, doesn't it?"

Being tired, possibly even busy, the doctor is sorely tempted to give an evasive reply or to tacitly support the hope, in order to escape a laborious explanation.

The average duration of typhoid fever is about four weeks—that is, the duration of the high temperature. In an average case the temperature does begin to show a slight daily decline toward the end of the third week or the beginning of the fourth—but not especially on the twenty-first day. Yet even after that slight decline there is always the possibility of a rise again and a continuation of the fever for many days after the "turning."

Some of these fine days, if indeed typhoid is not absolutely stamped out by universal typhoid-vaccination, we shall have a vaccine or serum which will abort the disease at any stage, as antitoxin aborts diphtheria.

Then it will be a long siege that has no turning.

Questions and Answers.

Mrs. L. J. F. writes: 1. Please tell me what causes hives. 2. What will cure them? 3. How many kinds are there? 4. What can I do to get immediate relief? 5. Is there a permanent cure for the eyes that have been badly affected by taking cold when the individual had the measles? The eyes have been sore about eight years, I believe, and the girl is now 16.

Reply.

1. Nettle stings, caterpillar bites, mosquito bites; the eating of strawberries, shellfish, venison, cheese, certain spices, or certain kindsof smoked or canned fish or meat in sensitized persons; auto-intoxication from intestinal mal-assimilation; round worms or pin worms in the bowel; a neurotic or hysterical predisposition. 2. Remove the cause or avoid it. 3. One kind, with about a million minor types in each case. 4. Take an active cathartic, milk diet, warm bath containing much ordinary salteratus, then slightly pat the hives with 1 or 2 per cent carbolic acid solution and let dry slowly. Powder the dry skin with corn starch powder. 5. A child could not take a cold in the eyes. The measles infection itself usually affects the eyes. Yes, the trouble is curable.

* * *

M. S. inquires: Could you suggest means of ridding the face of blackheads? I have been taking peptomangan for some time, but with no relief.

Reply.

The stuff you are taknig is a mild intoxicant and of no value. We do not prescribe, but general suggestions will be sent if you will furnish a stamped addressed envelope.

* * *

Miss L. says. I weigh 185 pounds, am 34 years old, and want to get thin. I eat meat three times a day and six cups of tea a day and much pastry. Please suggest a diet for me.

Reply.

You omit to mention your height. If you are 70 inches tall your weight is all right, but you ought to save lots of money on butchers' bills and try to be content with two cups of weak tea per day. If you shovel coal for a living, meat once a day is ample; if you do needlework, meat twice a week is sufficient.

* * *

E. W. complains: My eyes run water, burn and pain a great deal. Have had glasses fitted, but with no benefit. I use a boracic acid solution as an eye wash. Do you approve of it? What causes the trouble?

Reply.

If you are under 50 years of age and if your glasses were not fitted by an oculist, perhaps you should try again. Boracic acid solution is a good eye wash. The trouble may be due to some obstruction of the tear duct in the nose.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

CAFE CONVERSATION.

Mame—"My folks bawled me out somethin' awful for stickin' out so late Sattuday night, but I told 'em I wuddent stand for no more uv it. I kin take care of myself, if worse comes to worse, and youse knows it, 'cause I've always bin a hard worker and saves my money."

Gert—"Far be it from me to cause any split in your family, dearie, but them old folks is altogether too harsh with we younger ones. My people is jes dear to me an' all that, but onct in awhile they pulls that log cabin stuff on me, and I gives them a piece of my mind. That business about father struggling at the old mill for nine per and raising a fambly was a good song years ago, but it don't lissen right these days. A girl has got to have a little of the lights or she'll just pass away at the cook stove, that's all they is to it."

Mame—"Youse certinly gits things about right Gert. 'Course youse bin around more'n me, and youse have a better idee of the world than me, but honest, now, youse don't see no harm in a girl of my age taking a few drinks on a Sattuday night."

Gert—"Dearie, it's all on how youse handles the stuff. When I first went agin the brew it give me terrible headaches, but it never touches me no more. The doctors say it's great fer buildin' purposes, and that's the onny reason I don't drink more of it, 'cause I certainly like my crock, dearie, as youse knows."

Mame—"I wuddent think you would go very strong on it. Much do youse weigh now, honey?"

Gert—"I pushed a fellah in the face fer askin' me that question onct, fer youse know we wimming is a trifle ticklish on the flesh game. But between youse an' me, dearie, I have been losin' steddily, an' I am now jest on the other side of 150."

Mame—"I never'd believe youse weighed so much. I'm jest 110."

Gert—"You positively looks less, dearie. You have been worrying me. You have the style, an' I have heard many compliments about youse—you're classy walk seems to make the biggest hit—but youse have got to get a little more fillin'. I'm not trying to roast youse, you know, but to wise youse up. I hears what you don't have said to your face by them jealous huzzies. If youse jest quit trying to wasp your waist and do them deep breathin' stunts in the morning I believe you'd come out purty quick. Well, I never advised no girl to drink too much, but I don't believe a liberal supply will do youse any harm so long as you don't get the habit."

Tom Barron of England, according to an agricultural paper, is winning egg-laying contests in every part of the world.—The Outlook.

A Round Grove, Ill., correspondent mourns the sudden change in the weather, and the coming of a "snow blizzard."

Grateful in Defeat.

Editor Courier: I cannot forego this opportunity to express my thanks to those friends, in Winfield particularly, who so kindly intervened on election day and protested against my being dragged off to Topeka this winter to be exposed to the allurments of modern civilization. Knowing as they did of my constitutional frailities, mental weakness, moral characteristics and physical delinquencies, it was an exceptional exhibition of Christian charity and a philanthropic devotion toward a fellow citizen who, under a thoughtless and inconsiderate impulse, threatened to throw himself into the arena of political turmoil and unselfish devotion to the public welfare. Here in Winfield, where I am best known, the largest interest in my personal welfare was manifested. What little usefulness and sweetness there is left in me at my advanced age they wanted to be retained at home and in our midst, instead of being wasted on an unappreciative public. This evidence of devoted consideration for my personal welfare will be a solace to the sunset of life. Surely the Lord takes care of his own.—Letter from defeated candidate to the Winfield, Kas., Courier.

Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar, from Hot Springs, are new residents of Rapid City and are living in Riverside.—Rapid City, S. D., Journal.

Chas. Brown assisted John P. Kroefsch in digging a cellar last week. When the job was completed they found the cellar was too large for the building. Don't step it off next time, John. Buy a rule—it pays in the long run.—Daysland, Alb., Press.

Accomplished Family.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer).

Miss Emeline Wigand, 16, daughter of John Wigand, 1371 Giddings-Rd., N. E., in less than a year has given promise, her friends believe, of being a finished painter of flowers and animal life.

Miss Wigand's propensity runs in the family. She has a sister, Miss Mildred, who works at the East Ohio Gas Co.'s offices, who has painting for her hobby. Her brother William is a sign painter.

Footings Corrected.

(Terre Haute Star.)

It is officially announced that Germany has 432,147 prisoners of war. Several millions of those the correspondents told about have escaped.

SPEAKING of courage, it is announced that England will take all of our cold storage eggs.

NEW YORK talks about the rubens of the west, but bicycle racing long ago became blase in these parts. In Gotham they are still strong for six-day grinds.

J. M. C.

The Daily Story

A Soldier's Vision—By M. Quad.

For a period of three weeks along the front of our brigade a picket had been murdered on his post every night. The front was a mile long, with the posts within ten rods of each other, and a bushwacker had crept up on the lone picket with all the craft of an Apache and stabbed him to death. The one assassin had killed twenty-two men before any great stir was made about it. All that was done when the matter was finally taken hold of was to put two, three and four men on a post in place of one and to send out small parties to look for a needle in a haystack, as it were.

That all these murders had been committed by one single hand no one doubted. A knife had been used in every instance.

On the night that the order was issued to double the men on the posts I was ill in my tent with a sore throat and fever. My tent mates were on guard or detail, and I realized that I was light headed. I could not fall into a sound sleep, but I dozed at intervals, and the noises of the camp were confused with queer dreams. Of a sudden this confusion cleared away, and I had what you call either a dream or a vision. I saw a man in the uniform of a Federal captain, mounted on a dark bay horse, ride up to a farmhouse. The face and form of rider and horse were as plain to me as if I had seen them in my normal state of health at noonday. The captain was a man of about thirty, blue eyed, with brown hair, brown mustache and a front tooth filled with gold. At the corner of the left eye was a small scar from a wound inflicted years before.

As the officer descended from the saddle and hitched his horse to the fence I saw a woman's face at the window for a moment. The same face was seen again for a moment as she opened the door for the captain. She was a tall, dark haired woman, and the face bore a smile.

As suddenly as the vision came it was blotted out, but it returned again. This time the captain was mounted, and it was night. It was the same house, and his horse wanted to speed too fast and was pulled in. I could not make out how I followed on, but follow I did, and we had just descended a hill and were crossing a creek by a plank bridge when there came a red flash, followed by the report of a firearm, and the captain threw up his arms and lurched to the right and fell out of the saddle. The horse sprang to the left off the bridge, which had no rail, landed in the creek and went off among the underbrush. I saw that the officer was dragged along with his foot in the stirrup. I also saw the man who had fired the shot. He was tall and gaunt faced, with long black hair and glittering black eyes and dressed in the rough clothes of a farmer.

When one of my tent mates came in I at once related the dream or vision to him, but neither of us attached any importance to it. One with a fever always has queer dreams and fancies.

A week had gone by and I was all right again when I read in a Washington paper of the singular disappearance of a captain in our brigade. This officer, so it was stated, had left camp on a certain afternoon on his horse and had not been heard of since. My vision came back to me so clearly and I was so sure that it furnished a clew that I reported to my captain. He ridiculed the idea, but sent me to the colonel. My statements were received with a smile, but I was given a pass and a note to the brigadier general. He was a gruff old dog, and he called me a fool before I had spoken ten words. When I had given a close description of the missing officer he began to listen, and the result was that I went out with a squad to search. We passed for two miles over a road I had never set foot on before. We came to a farmhouse I had never seen in my waking moments. We found the black haired woman, and she corroborated my story of the captain's arrival. She was a widow, living with her mother, and the captain had been calling for many weeks, and it was a case of love. A horse had gnawed a fence rail; a horse had pawed up the earth; the captain's horse was a bay. When we returned to the bridge we found the marks where the bushwhacker had jumped. We found where the iron shoes of the horse had scraped the stones and where he had clambered out. In the woods, a mile away, we found the horse and the rider.

The captain had been shot through the body. He had been dragged by the stirrup until his body had become tangled among the underbrush. The horse had eaten every bush and limb within reach, but had been without water and was just able to stand. His rider was probably dead within five minutes after being shot. You may have made up your mind to hear that the assassin was also discovered through my dream, but he was not. I have always believed that it was his hand which knifed the pickets, but it is only my belief. No one charged with any of the crimes was ever brought to book so far as I know. I could have identified the bushwhacker among a thousand men, but I never had the opportunity. A week after the finding of the captain's body our brigade was marching and fighting forty miles away, and if the assassin was a farmer living in the neighborhood of his crimes he was safe from discovery.

Sidelights on the European War

London.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press).—Great Britain's now rigorous round-up of Germans and Austrians within her dominions caused a rush to the home office of those who by virtue of advanced age, sex or other disqualification for military service, are allowed to go to the Fatherland through reciprocal arrangements for a transfer of a like number of British men and women. It is stated that within the last few weeks two thousand German and Austrian women and twelve hundred men left this country.

At the outbreak of the war many Germans and Austrians deluged the authorities with applications for naturalization papers. The number seeking British citizenship has been placed at ten thousand; yet fewer than twenty applications have been granted.

Between eight and ten thousand Germans and Austrians are under arrest and in detention camps—all taken from Greater London. Hundreds of others are yet to be arrested. Only this week there was a brief respite in the round-up due to the fact that there were not enough adequate detention camps. The agitation is not over, however; daily the newspapers are urging the authorities to more action. The exclusive German clubs are under surveillance; buildings built by or known to have been recently occupied by Germans are being watched, and great precautions are being taken to guard the vaults of the stock exchange. There are so many German firms using the strong boxes of the exchange that every member entering the rooms is searched for bombs or other explosives.

Paris.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—"On coming out of a dirt road, descending from Verdun," says an officer who is quoted in the Paris Midi, "I crossed a miserable creature leaning heavily on an oak-staff. He limped painfully as if he were wounded and doffed a greasy hat in humble salute. I responded absentmindedly and went on my way.

"An hour later, a dull rattling as of the cracking of branches and the bursting of a shell in a thicket beside the road, brought us back to the realities of war, and at the same time to the wandering vagabond, the only creature who could have so soon and so accurately posted the enemy on the position of my little detachment. We turned aside from this dangerous route and by a crossed road reached main road leading to X——

"I continued to think of the vagabond, who now clearly appeared to my mind as one of those softmannered spies of whom we have seen so many in this war, who follow their tortuous way, seeking information as the mendicant seeks alms, faltering, insinuating, scenting, listening, watching, then disappearing into some secret underground route by which he bears his fruitful harvest to his chiefs, then coming back in the role of the conqueror, serving as a guide to the invader.

"Suddenly, there before me appeared the man, gliding out of the thicket. He also had taken the roundabout way and after posting the German battery, had at once started on a new hunt for information.

"I rushed upon him and he gave a start of surprise, then his greasy hat went to his eyes in the gesture of wiping away tears.

"'Your papers,' I demanded. He produced a greasy bunch with here and there an illegible trace of writing on them, and with here and there the clever imitation of an official vise. No safe conduct, no passport.

"If he had no papers it was because the mayor had been shot, or the notables of the town had fled. The village existed no more; the children even had been shot.

"'Take him in charge.' Two men at either side execute the order, then the spring of steel hidden beneath the rags of the vagabond shows itself. The man is upright, tall robust, aggressive, the eye flashing and the voice defiant.

"'If you want to take me, you'll have to bring a vehicle, for I'll never walk.' Then he sees his mistake, his form bends again, his voice becomes humble and supplicating. 'I'll go wherever you like, my good sir.'

"Too late! No more doubt possible. The vehicle is dispensed with—a stone wall at the entrance to a village is sufficient."

London, (Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—It appears that the three shortest men in the house of commons are three of the most warlike. Their names are Wedgwood Benn, L. S. Amery, and H. J. Tennant. The first two have already gone to the front, and Mr. Tennant is parliamentary under-secretary for war. Mr. Amery also saw service in South Africa. Mr. Benn is so short that he is affectionately known in the house as "Little Ben" and "Buttons."

Daniel Lauver died in Carlisle, Pa., weighed 385. Belonged to the fire department.

Nov. 24 in American History.

1807—Joseph Brant, famous Mohawk chief, died; born about 1742.

1826—Coates Kinney, poet and journalist, author of the popular ballad "Rain Upon the Roof," born; died 1902.

1890—August Belmont, noted banker and politician, died; born 1816.

1903—Julian Rix, talented landscape painter, died.